

The Banyan goes on: "There's a shady lane just south of the Grant library where tired scholars can stroll, birds can sing, and the air is filled with the fresh smell of the new green foliage in the spring . . . in January and February the campus becomes a winter wonderland of snow and soft lights." These passages amply describe the nostalgia and personal love we had for this grand institution.

I remember professors who have had a lasting effect on me: John R. Halliday as director of the Symphonic Band; Lawrence Sardine, who had replaced Leery Robertson as director of the Symphony Orchestra; Greet de Gong, the distinguished dean of the College of Fine Arts; Don Earl, who was beginning his career as director of the Opera Workshop; Crawford Gates, a gifted composer, orchestra and choir director, with whom in later years I enjoyed a wonderful professional relationship; Alone Morally, from the Drama and Speech Department, with whom I was also associated professionally in the 1960s. Then there was J.J. Keeler, university organist; Wesley P. Lloyd, dean of students; Ralph British and Bryant Jacobs professors of English; Lucite Sandbag-Evans, a gifted instructor and performer on the clarinet; J. Wile Sessions and Sidney Sperry from the Religion Department; and of course Norman J. Hunt, director of the Varsity Band, later to become director of the Symphonic Band, a close military companion and colleague in the Utah Symphony Orchestra.

Dancing was still big on campus and hardly a weekend went by that I didn't have one or two dance jobs, either on campus or somewhere in the Utah Valley area. On campus there was still the Sophomore Loan Fund Ball, Belle of the "Y" Ball, Banyan Ball, Winter Carnival, various social unit dances, student-body dances, ward and stake Gold and Green Balls; then there was the Preference Ball. Who will ever forget those wonderful 5:00 pm Wednesday Mat dances, where we would play for an hour for one dollar and eventually three dollars? In the summer I would occasionally play with Dob Oration, leader of a local town band, at the somewhat infamous Rainbow gardens, a facility that was eventually torn down and became part of the parking lot for the Smith Fieldhouse. Fred Loveless, the desk sergeant at the local police station, also had a band that some of us, as campus musicians, would occasionally play with. Then there was, in American Fork, the Apollo Ballroom with a dance floor that had a bouncy and springy effect, the Utahna Hall, and of course the Talk of the Town Ballroom on highway 91 between Provo and Springville, a ballroom where I played off and on for over two years.

In the spring of 1949 Jane graduated with a major in English literature and a teaching certificate in elementary education. She had hoped to obtain a teaching position close to home, but the competition was too great and the attrition of existing teachers practically nonexistent. Fortunately, she soon obtained a position teaching second grade in the then small farming and bedroom community of Salem, Utah. Starting salaries at that time were \$2400.00 a year, \$50.00 a week, which seemed a large sum to us and could at least get us by while I completed my graduate work. We were excited about her opportunity but uncertain at how she would get to work each day. I did have a good friend and fellow musician, Basil Broadbent, who was living in Provo but teaching south of Salem in the

even smaller community of Goshen, and he agreed to let Jane be part of a group of teachers that carpooled each day to nearby schools.

Even though getting to and from school each day was somewhat of a harrowing adventure during the snowy winter months, she thoroughly enjoyed teaching in the historic Salem school building, which was built before the turn of the century. She loved her students, companion teachers, and particularly a fellow commuter, Roberta Sorenson. Roberta was married to an honest-to-goodness cowboy named Ben. Ben and Roberta were more than kind to us and a real help during our early months of marriage. I know I enjoyed accompanying Jane to faculty socials, meeting her students, and exploring beautiful Salem Pond, which lay close to the school.

In later years, with the growth of both Payson and Salem, we could never locate the old school house. We found it had been torn down to make room for a modern educational facility to adequately house the students from the expanded community. Salem Pond still exists, surrounded by beautiful homes and a wonderful park, but the charm that we remembered has somewhat disappeared, even though it is still a delightful place.

While we had sufficient funds to make it through the coming school years, we knew we would be faced with some difficulties in the summer of 1949. Dancing on campus dropped off drastically during these summer months, and I would have to depend on invitations to play with the town bands at various community outdoor dancing facilities.

By the summer of 1949, Jane and I had moved from the Bluth home in northeast Provo to a basement apartment on ninth north, just a half block west of University Avenue. Later we moved upstairs to a more spacious duplex apartment that we shared, as neighbors, with Don and Mary B. Jensen. Mary B. was just beginning her career as a member of the physical education faculty and director of the soon-to-become renowned International Folk Dance Team. I was beginning my career as an instructor and director of the University Marching Band. Many were the times when we would meet on the front lawn to compare notes, she practicing dance steps for the folk dancers and I working through some marching band routine. During that summer, while living in the basement apartment, Jane and I would often depend on money I would earn as a musician playing at one of the outdoor dancing facilities to pay for food the coming week. It seemed that virtually every weekend the day would begin with beautiful sunny clear skies, but by mid afternoon the rain clouds would roll in and both of us would begin to worry if I would be able to play at that evening's dance without it being cancelled. Fortunately, we generally got through the evening and would have enough for the following week's food expense.

In later years, the Y's Men Band, which I directed, played for dances, not only at some of these places, but on the campuses, of the University of Utah, Utah State University, Idaho State University; Mesa College in Grand Junction, Colorado; the Branch Agricultural College in Cedar City, Utah; the White City Ballroom in Ogden; and for various multi-stake dances in Las Vegas and Southern California.

MY HEART IS TRUE

Chapter VII

From Graduate School to Instructor

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As the 1949-1950 academic year began, Jane and I had been married barely six months and living in the basement of a nice duplex on 8th north just west of University Avenue. We were extremely happy and the future looked bright with Jane teaching second grade in Salem, and I still receiving the GI Bill, teaching trumpet lesson for the BYU Music Department and at the Vern Davis Music store, as well as playing occasional dance jobs.

Academically I was taking the graduate classes necessary for a master's in music theory, along with the education classes necessary to earn a Utah State teaching certificate. I continued to play in John R. Halliday's Symphonic Band as well as Lawrence Sardon's Symphony Orchestra. After a few years of directing and running a student dance band I had abandoned any thoughts of continuing because I was so busy studying for the graduate and education classes. I had an abundance of private students both at the music store and at the university. At that time, BYU had a shortage of private teachers specializing in wind instruments. Lucille Sandberg and John Halliday were teaching woodwind, and only Norm Hunt taught the brass, specializing on trombone, tuba and baritone, along with directing the Varsity Band. John Halliday was also extremely busy as chairman of the Music Department and didn't have sufficient time to take more than two or three private students. He would have any undergraduate trumpet students sign up for lessons under him and then farm them out to me, something I had been doing even as an undergraduate student, at twenty dollars for ten lessons each quarter.

Two students I remember extremely well were Annie Joy Pinegar from Spanish Fork and Garth Dixon from Provo. Annie Joy was a marvelous cornet soloist who became a standout at the university, and came close to being accepted as a member of the Utah Symphony, a feat that was extremely difficult, at that time, for any female musician specializing as a brass player. She married Richard (Dick) Jones, a fine BYU basketball player and later a distinguished professor in the athletic departments of both BYU Provo and Hawaii Campus. It was while Dick Jones and I were both serving, years later, on the faculty of BYU Hawaii that Annie Joy continued playing in the college band as well as the Windward Symphony, which I directed.

Garth Dixon was a young and eager student of the trumpet with a burning desire to make it into the so-called big time. I had him as a student for three years when he received the opportunity of going on the road with the Henry Busse band. There he gained tremendous professional experience, later studied with Ollie Mitchell, a well-known performer and teacher with vast experience as a Hollywood studio trumpet player. In 1950, when the Korean Conflict broke out, Garth, with a fellow BYU musician, Jimmy Hazard, joined the Air Force and played in the band at the air base in Albuquerque, New Mexico—an incident that had a profound effect on the well known Y's Men Band, which I later had the opportunity to form and direct. Upon returning from the military, Garth

found his way into playing with the fine show bands that were so prominent at that time in Las Vegas, namely the one at the Desert Inn. Years later, when these marvelous show bands were basically discontinued in favor of prerecorded sound tracks, Garth became a gourmet chef working in a fine restaurant in the Midwest.

As mentioned, I was no longer directing a dance band, but during the academic years from 1949 to 1953 I was still actively playing in one of the fine campus swing bands fronted by Jack Hanson. Jack, an outstanding alto saxophone player from Klamath Falls, Oregon, later went on to a successful career with the FBI in Washington D.C. In the band were several fine student musicians including Dick and Sterling Stott from my hometown of Riverside, California, who had played with me in the Charlie Nash dance band. Dick was a highly qualified alto saxophonist who played during the war years, along with Janie Thompson, in the Armed Forces Band that replaced the great Glenn Miller Air Force Band after Glenn was lost on a flight over the English Channel. Dick went on to a successful career in Southern California as a forensic psychologist. His brother Sterling and I were roommates at BYU in 1942. During the war years Sterling was in the Air Corps as a bombardier serving in Italy and North Africa. I well remember receiving a letter from him, and how he let me know where he was during those years of letter censoring. As sort of a letter head, Sterling had written the opening notes to the then-popular tune "Isle of Capri," and I knew exactly where he was stationed. Sterling, who went on to become an educational psychologist at UCLA and later in Ashland, Oregon, was very handsome and played tenor saxophone in the band, as well as sang popular ballads. Featured vocalist with the band was "Mose" Flake. "Mose" was what was often referred to as a "big man on campus," served as a cheerleader, and was known by virtually everyone. Being from Arizona, he returned to his home state to become a successful businessman. On trombone, we had Bill Smiley, who went on to an outstanding professional music career. Bill was a terrific lead trombonist and soloist. He realized that nearly all trombone players wanted to play the high notes required of a lead player, but virtually no one wanted to specialized on bass trombone. So that's where he decided his niche as a professional musician would be. It wasn't long before he became the bass trombonist with the Utah Symphony. Then he replaced the legendary bass trombonist George Roberts on the famous Stan Kenton Band. Bill finished his professional career, along with Garth Dixon, in several of the Las Vegas show bands. The last time I saw Bill Smiley was while conducting the BYU Symphonic Band on a tour to Southern California that included a stopover concert in Las Vegas. Bill came to the concert and afterwards proudly told me of a western movie that he and all the professional trombonists in Las Vegas were filming. I never saw or heard of the movie again, but he said he and his fellow trombonists were starring in the film as well as doing the recorded music soundtrack.

Along with me, Jack Hanson had in the trumpet section Rene Call, the brother to the famous Call Sisters, Geneva, Anita, and Gaynell. The Call sisters, while not the best, were perhaps the most popular and well-known drum majorettes that BYU ever featured. Rene was a fine trumpet player, a close friend of Jack Hanson, and later graduated from

dental school and went on to a fine career in that profession. In the trumpet section, sitting in what is often referred to as the "jazz chair," was Ron Griggs. Ron had a fine ear and came up with some terrific innovative ideas. I remember one night while playing at the Talk of the Town Ballroom in Springville, Ron stood up to play a solo and immediately went into the opening notes of the difficult bassoon solo of Stravinsky's *Rites of Spring*. I was amazed, and afterwards I asked Ron "Did you know what you were playing?" He said, "No, it was just something I heard somewhere!"

Other players in the band, whose careers I unfortunately didn't always follow, included Tom Raye, a fine trombonist and music arranger for some of our tunes; Clarion Williams, a very dedicated and humorous fellow and a terrific baritone saxophonist; a longtime good friend, Larry Asher, on bass; Alice Hansen on piano; Jerry Hall on drums; and Blaine Boyer on trombone. Then there was another longtime friend and close associate, Lorry Rytting, on tenor saxophone. Lorry was from a well-known newspaper family and went on to become advertising manager for the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

Basketball was becoming even more popular on campus and in the community, and BYU continued to hold all our home games in the Springville High School gym. This was an improvement, but still couldn't hold the crowds that desired admission. I remember that the average student-body member often had to stand all night outside the Joseph Smith Memorial Building in order to hopefully obtain a ticket. I was fortunate, since I was able to gain admission by playing in Norm Hunt's Varsity Band. I remember standing and playing the trumpet solo on a special arrangement of Glenn Miller's *American Patrol* that Norm was fortunate to have.

The basketball team itself was marvelous, like seeing poetry in action, featuring such never-to-be-forgotten players as Roland Minson, Mel Hutchins, and Joe Nelson. One player that I will always remember was Ivan "Ike" Beam, and his humorous antics—particularly the time he was thrown a ball to have it bounce off his head and into the basket. The crowd burst into virtually an uncontrollable laughter. So great was this 1950 team that they became conference champions and appeared in the NCAA championship games, where Joe Nelson was named to the all tournament team and Mel Hutchins went on to acclaim in the National Basketball Association.

By the 1950-51 basketball season, the sport was becoming so popular at BYU and throughout Utah County that the Springville gym couldn't come anywhere near satisfying the demands for tickets. As a result, the University arranged with the administration of the University of Utah to have all BYU home games played in their fieldhouse in Salt Lake City. Also, for that year, the Skyline Conference had each team play each other four times—two times away and two times at home. It seemed as though I was constantly on the road with the Varsity Band, traveling between Provo and Salt Lake City. But it didn't really matter, since these were exciting times, with a team that was an aesthetic joy to watch, and I was having such a grand time learning about band conducting and management.

In 1951 the "Golden Cougars" captivated the New York City crowds at the historic Madison Square Garden by capturing the coveted National Basketball Invitational championship. At that time the NIT tournament had the same prestige as the NCAA tournament does now. Featured on the BYU team with coach Stan Watts were such players as Roland Minson, Joe Richey, Dick Jones, Bob Craig, Mel Hutchins (all American), Harold Christensen, and Russ Hillman. As I would watch that team take the ball down the floor, I often thought I was witnessing an aesthetic fine arts experience, something akin to witnessing a ballet—I'm certain many would agree.

Years later, I had the opportunity of playing golf with Frank Layden, former coach and general manager of the Utah Jazz of the National Basketball Association, and he commented on the greatness of the 1951 BYU "Golden Cougar" basketball team. He said he had played against them as a member of the Syracuse University team in the 1951 National Invitational Tournament; concurring that the NIT was then the most prestigious championship tournament in the country, and went on to state that BYU was the finest university team in America.

At that time, BYU was still on the quarter system and by winter quarter I had taken sufficient education classes in order to begin student teaching. The normal procedure was to student teach the first quarter at Brigham Young High School, on the lower campus, then the second quarter to teach at one of the nearby district schools. For the first quarter I was fortunate to work with Ferron Madsen, a fine music educator and band director who went on to serve as director of bands at Chico State College in California. Ferron had a fine band but I can't remember ever having the opportunity to conduct or direct them, with my student teaching confined to observation and occasional consultation from Mr. Madsen.

The 1950-1951 academic year was an extremely active and exciting year, with my developing skills as a band leader, the success of the basketball team, graduate studies, student teaching, playing with various dance bands both on and off campus, learning to play and teach the French horn, along with a developing family life. I was exactly where I wanted to be and doing what I wanted to do. I felt privileged and fortunate to be a special instructor at BYU and serving in part in a merging and expanding academic institution. Life was great!

Because I was spending the majority of my practice and performance time playing the French horn, and feeling that my trumpet playing was in somewhat of a decline, Jane and I decided it would be a good time for us to return for the summer to Southern California and reenroll at the University of Southern California, so I could once again study trumpet with Hy Lammers and hopefully sign up for French horn lessons with one of their instructors.

I was able to do both. Hy had time in his schedule and I was able to be taught by Fred Fox, a fine horn player and teacher who had vast professional experience with the RKO

movie studios and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. I took two lessons weekly from both fine instructors, traveling to Fred Fox's home on Silverlake Boulevard in Los Angeles and then to Hy's studio in Hollywood. Following my lesson with Fred Fox, I would dash down to a malt shop on Hollywood Boulevard for a quick milk shake and hamburger, where I would frantically write notes on all I could remember from my lesson with Mr. Fox. I still use these notes today. Then I was off to Hy's studio for a trumpet lesson.

During our summer in Southern California, Jane and I were able to stay with her parents, Willard and Florence Tyler, in Mira Loma, fifteen miles from my home in Riverside. The Tyler's had a five-acre chicken ranch out in the country that made it ideal for my practice. Jane's folks were really good to us; in fact they sort of spoiled us by treating us virtually every week to a marvelous steak dinner at the Live Oak Inn in Temecula, a then-small rural community about a forty-minute drive from their home in Mira Loma.

Before going for my first trumpet lesson, I scheduled two weeks' practice time in hopes of getting back in shape to not disappoint Hy with my playing ability, after he had spent so much time with my previous development. Unfortunately not much happened during the two weeks, and I went to my first lesson somewhat embarrassed by my playing. I remember telling Hy all this and his immediate response was, "Let me hear you play." So I played some excerpts, and when finished he remarked: "Now, I know you won't do this." Then he wrote on the cover of my Theo Charlier *Trente-Six Etudes Transcendantes* method book, "Play two minutes, Rest two minutes." I know that Hy knew that's exactly what I would do, and I did, setting a timer for exactly two minutes. When the buzzer alarmed, I would stop, even if in the middle of a whole note, and rest for the prescribed two minutes. Within a week I was back in shape, playing as well as ever. In fact one day when I was outdoors practicing behind one of the chicken coops, Jane was two blocks away visiting a neighbor, and when she returned stated that my tone was so focused that I sounded as though I was standing right next to her.

For the spring quarter of 1952, I was assigned to student-teach at Provo High School, another high school with a fine band program built by the legendary band director Wes Pearce. Wes was best known for his work and studies on intonation and his band was highly recognized for its ability to play in tune. In later years, whenever Wes would attend a band performance I was conducting, I was always nervous with the thought that he was probably in the audience keeping track of how well in tune we were or were not playing. Two of Wes Pearce's students whom I highly respected and considered good friends were Don Peterson and Sam Pratt, both of whom went on to successful careers in the Utah Symphony. Don Peterson was, in my estimation, the finest French horn player that I ever heard or been associated with. Sam Pratt was skilled as a flute/piccolo player, pianist, and harpist, later to become a top executive with the Lyon and Healy harp company. When I first attended BYU, Don was playing 1st horn with the University Symphony Orchestra, though he was a high school student, and Sam Pratt was playing with the Wayne Skeem Romance in Rhythm campus dance band. Later Sam was instrumental in my becoming a member of the Utah Symphony.

The year that I student taught at Provo High School, Wes Pearce was no longer the director, but was the owner of the successful Wes Pearce Music store in Salt Lake City. Keith Isaacson, a former BYU student and woodwind specialist, was now the director. As a student teacher, he allowed me sufficient time to conduct and work with the band. The composition he was principally working on during that spring quarter, was the finale to the Dimity Shostakovich *Fifth Symphony*—a difficult work for a symphony orchestra but even more difficult for a band. At the time I knew very little about French horn, but do remember the difficult high horn solo being played by another Provo High School musician, El Billings. Following his graduation from BYU, El went on to serve as a successful music educator in the Provo School District.

Toward the end of spring quarter, Keith Isaacson took his high school band on a sort of two-day mini tour to schools in the Utah Valley and northern Utah. Of course he featured the Shostakovich Finale, but I was given the privilege of conducting a very fine band arrangement of Jeremy Kernes' *All the Things You Are*. This was a milestone for me since it was the first composition of any kind that I was privileged to conduct in either rehearsal or concert.

I was now close to earning my teaching certificate and was seriously thinking about finding a secondary school where I could teach. I knew that Keith Isaacson would be leaving Provo High School to take a position elsewhere and I longed to be his replacement, but to no avail. I looked at jobs in Duchess and Lava, Utah, as well as in the Mesquite-Bunkerville area in Nevada. All of these schools were very small and had rather inferior facilities, at that time, and I wanted to go to Southern California or stay close to Provo so Jane could continue teaching in the Nebo District. One afternoon, while taking a trumpet lesson, I asked Dr. Halliday, "I've been looking everywhere for a teaching job, but can't find a place where I would like to go. Is there any chance that I could have some kind of a position and stay here at BYU?" To my surprise Dr. Halliday said, "I never dreamed you would like to stay. Norm Hunt will be going to Paris to study next year and we need a replacement to take the Varsity Band, the Minor Instrument Methods Class, and teach brass instruments. But you would have to learn to play and teach French horn, since we can't afford to hire a trumpet and a French horn teacher." My immediate response was to accept the position with the proviso that I would study and practice the horn for a year so I might be able to teach it. At that exact time Dr. Halliday's phone rang and I heard him talking to someone and say, "You sound very qualified, but I'm sorry I just offered that position to another person." While I can't remember his name, years later while attending a College National Band Directors convention at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, I met this person and we had a most interesting conversation.

One of my responsibilities was to direct the Varsity Band at all home football games as well as take them on one northern trip, either to the University of Utah or the Utah State Agricultural College, now Utah State University, in Logan. At that time, in 1952, the University didn't have an active participating marching band due primarily to the lack of

sufficient uniforms. The uniforms we did have dated back to the prewar uniforms of the Robert Saucer era. I remember Bill Sullivan, who later went on to become the principal trumpet player with the Utah Symphony, marching in Dr. Halliday's band dressed in Levi's, because there were not enough uniform pants to go around. The University of Utah had an outstanding marching band, with its splendid red and white uniforms, under the capable direction of Ron Gregory. I can't remember the "Aggie" marching band, but I do remember they were musically solid under the direction of Phil Dalby.

I had little, if any, training as a marching band director, but did know we couldn't actively compete. Even though I later became skilled as a marching band director, one might say that I actually received on-the-job training, and for me, I was there at exactly the right time and in the right place, directing a football band that had no tradition since the days of Robert Sauer. The opportunity for eventual success was wide open.

I did have a fine band and the support of many excellent student musicians who were on campus at that time. As a result, at least for the first year, I would take advantage of this excellent musicianship and literally change direction from the traditional university marching band by commissioning one of our student composers to compose an original work that the band would play in concert formation, while various forms of choreography would take place on the playing field. To accomplish this, I had Bruce Riddle, a talented student musician, write two original compositions in such an entertainment medium. Both works were excellent and the dancers did a fine job, but I have to sincerely admit that the idea didn't catch on with the audience, and I abandoned the idea after that year. Interestingly, similar shows were used, years later, at such football halftime spectacles as the Orange Bowl in Miami, and I did receive mention in a Southern California newspaper under the title, "Band Director Changes Formula."

By 1952, Norm Hunt was back from his studies at the Paris Conservatory of Music and had, at Dr. Halliday's request, taken the directorship of the BYU Symphonic Band—an action that fortunately left me still in control of the Varsity Band. The Korean War was in full effect and in an effort to keep male students on campus, the university, along with the United States Air Force, had agreed to institute an Air Force ROTC air science program as part of the regular academic offering.

The new Air Force ROTC program, under the command of Colonel Jesse Stay, had as one of its desires an ROTC band to assist with their formal reviews and other military activities. Again, I was fortunate in being asked to direct this new band, which would not only supply its members with beautiful new Air Force blue uniforms but a complete compliment of musical instruments as well. Then when it was suggested that this band would become, at least for the time, the official university football marching band; Colonel Stay and his staff readily and enthusiastically agreed.

The band was virtually an immediate success with over one hundred ROTC students signing up, with the only drawback that girls, along with many excellent non-ROTC

musicians, were denied admittance to the band. While the AFROTC band would be responsible for producing football halftime marching shows, the Varsity Band would share responsibility in performing for all home basketball games.

As I previously stated, while I had marched in several bands, I had no experience in writing and producing football halftime shows. To gain the needed experience, I went to great lengths to obtain copies of any university band's halftime show I could get my hands on, and paid particular attention to any halftime shows that were fortunate enough to be presented on the weekly Saturday American Broadcasting Company Game of the Week television show. Band shows that were most appealing were those presented by such Big Ten bands as University of Michigan, Michigan State University, Purdue University, and Ohio State University—bands that had wonderful traditions and were considered the finest in the country.

For several years we fell victim to the excellent shows presented by the fine University of Utah Band under the capable direction of Ronald Gregory, and like the football team, I was subject to the "wait 'til next year" syndrome. I have to admit that watching the University of Utah Band was exciting with their red and white uniforms, their script "UTAH," and 180-beats-per-minute marching tempo. I was proud of our AFROTC band and we did our best to compete, but felt we had to maintain the dignity of a military band and most generally march and play at the traditional 120-beats-per-minute cadence—something we see, to this day, with the huge ROTC band from Texas A & M University.

In the meantime I was progressing as a French horn player and because horn players were scarce on campus, more and more demands were placed on me to play horn, so my trumpet playing fell into serious decline. Then the music department brought in Waldemar Linder, principal French horn player with the Minneapolis Symphony, to teach during the summer terms. I often wondered if it was primarily for me, so I could become more adept on the instrument. As a player I had a good high range due to my years as a trumpet player, but my low range left much to be desired, and my tone was somewhat thin and lacked the depth and maturity that would be expected. Wally Linder was not only a fine player but a fine teacher as well, and I thoroughly enjoyed my association with him. I learned a great deal, and even had the opportunity to solo, along with him, with the renowned Paganinni String Quartet, performing the *Beethoven Sextet for Horn and Strings*. Wally had brought with him a beautiful police dog that he called Horn. Every time he called him, he would whistle the famous horn call from act II of Wagner's opera *Siegfried* and the dog would immediately respond.

Up until that time I didn't have a French horn of my own and had to rely on a school instrument, an older Conn 6D that Don Peterson, principal horn with the Utah Symphony, had sold to the music department. At my lessons, Wally Linder told me of an Alexander horn he would sell me at the now unheard-of price of \$250.00. He informed me that it had formerly been played by a member of the Metropolitan Opera orchestra in New York

City. I told him I was interested, but would like to see and play the instrument before buying. His response was "no!" I would have to trust his integrity and pay him up front; he would send it to me upon his return to Minneapolis. One not acquainted with French horns needs to realize that an Alexander French horn is considered among the elite of that instrument. Handmade in Mainz, Germany this horn proved to be a magnificent instrument with a high B virtually built into it. In 1970 I sold it to my friend Karl Furr for \$300.00 and in the 1990s he sold "Alex," as we called it, for \$3,000.00.

Thanks to the tutoring of Wally Linder I was making steady progress on the horn, and in the spring of 1952 the University Symphony Orchestra, under the capable direction of Lawrence Sardoni, made a memorable tour, at least for me, to Nevada and Northern California. As part of the tour repertoire, Professor Sardoni selected the *Hary Jonas Suite* by the early twentieth century composer Zoltan Kodaly. The work, based on authentic Hungarian gypsy melodies, featured some difficult French horn work with a demanding solo. Then he had selected the *Romeo and Juliet Overture* by great Russian composer Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky. This work contains a wonderful French horn obligato to a romantic theme that later became basis for the popular tune "Our Love." As an inexperienced orchestral horn player I was extremely nervous over the assignment of having to play these demanding traditional horn solos. I worked very hard to master them, and when it came time to perform for the first time in a concert, somewhere in Nevada, I firmly decided to throw all caution to the wind, and, as they say, go for it. The results were strikingly marvelous. I doubt if I ever before or since played with greater confidence, accuracy, technique, and quality of tone. As the tour progressed into the San Francisco area, my confidence increased even further, and I developed the feeling that I couldn't wait till the opportunity came to once again play these difficult passages. I learned something from this experience that unfortunately I haven't always been fortunate to maintain—to work hard on your preparation, then when the time comes to perform, have complete trust in your preparation and give it all you have.

On this tour we had two fine friends of mine—Sam Pratt, a flutist, and his wife, Louise, a harpist. Both were artistic performers on their respective instruments and members of the Utah Symphony. Also, I didn't realize that Jim Atkinson, the fine third horn player, was leaving the orchestra at the conclusion of the 1952 season. So, when I returned from tour I found that Jane had received a message from the Utah Symphony requesting that I show for an audition as a possible replacement for Jim Atkinson. Apparently Sam and Louise Pratt had informed the office of my success on the tour and had recommended me as a candidate for this opening. Naturally I was pleased at even being recommended but doubted if I were ready for such an opportunity. Nevertheless I decided to show for the audition, if only to receive the experience that it would afford. The audition was to be held at the Utah Symphony rehearsal hall, then a converted army barracks on the University of Utah campus. When I arrived I found I would be playing for none other than Maurice Abravanel, the renowned music director and conductor of the orchestra. The audition consisted of sight reading, at least for me, several orchestral French horn passages that included the famous opening horn call from Richard Strauss's *Til*

Eulenspiegel, as well as the famous horn solo from the andante cantabile, second movement of Tchaikowsky's *Fifth Symphony*.

Fortunately I got through the audition and was offered the position, on the spot, at a salary of fifty dollars a week for the 1952-53 season. Then for extra performances, such as the summer operas and recording sessions, there would be some sort of a salary adjustment. Fifty dollars a week was a good salary at that time, since most members were making forty dollars and Don Peterson, the solo horn player, was making sixty-five dollars. I was thrilled at the opportunity, but at the same time somewhat apprehensive, since I had only been playing horn for three years and was very unacquainted with most of the traditional orchestral repertoire.

My good friend Norm Hunt was offered the position as second trombone at the same salary and Bill Smiley, another good friend and BYU graduate, would be playing bass trombone. Bill Sullivan, who had gone to San Francisco for further study after graduating from BYU, would be coming back to play principal trumpet.

In the horn section for the 1952-53 season were Don Peterson, principal horn, as artistic a player as one could find; and Glenn Dalby, second horn. In addition to his French horn skills, Glenn was a gifted composer and had works premiered by the Utah Symphony. I was of course on third horn. The section was rounded out by Ben Winn on fourth horn. Ben had a wonderful low register that he displayed with great confidence. One must realize that in traditional French horn writing, the first and third horn players are generally written in the upper register, often doubling one another. Second and fourth horn players are highly skilled in the lower register playing, with the second horn player possessing a blending quality that fits in beautifully for duet playing with the principal horn. The fourth horn is a dramatic player with a marvelous low register that acts as a well-grounded bass for the section. All in all, horn players in a major symphony orchestras are considered specialists, all worthy of individual distinction; the Utah Symphony was and still is considered a major orchestra.

Interestingly, all of us in the section had academic and musical training by attending BYU. One time while playing a concert on the BYU campus, Maestro Abravanel had all the orchestra members stand who had an affiliation with BYU. When all the players in the horn section stood, Glenn Dalby turned to me and jokingly said, "Wow! They must have some kind of a horn teacher here."

Of the eight players who made up the brass section, six of us had attended BYU, which included, in addition to the horn section, Bill Sullivan on trumpet, Norm Hunt and Bill Smiley on trombone, and Marlin Baker on tuba. All of this gives exceptional credit to the quality of work and teaching done by John R. Halliday with his Symphonic Band along with Lawrence Sardoni and Leroy Robertson with the University Symphony Orchestra.

Playing with the Utah Symphony complicated my life to a serious extent, because I was close to wrapping up my graduate work and student teaching classes, directing the AFROTC and Varsity bands, writing and preparing football halftime shows with the ROTC band, playing for basketball games with both bands, teaching a minor instrument workshop class and a conducting class, giving private lessons, researching and writing a thesis, playing and conducting campus concerts, playing for occasional dance jobs, attending to church responsibilities, and, of course, spending time with my family.

Nevertheless it was a great opportunity for me to improve my playing skills on the horn and learn more about conducting and managing a performance group by observing Maurice Abravanel on a daily basis. It was a wonderful opportunity for me to learn, on a firsthand basis, much of the great orchestral literature of the world, including such masterpieces as Brahms' *Piano Concerto #2* with the world-renowned Artur Schnabel; Richard Strauss's *Don Juan*, *Death and Transfiguration*, *Ein Heldenleben*, and *Don Quixote*; Bela Bartok's magnificent *Concerto for Orchestra*; and Vladimir Horowitz, the great Russian pianist, playing one of the world's great concertos, the name of which I can't remember. We did Stravinsky's *The Rites of Spring*, in which I played the tenor tuba part. Up to that time, it was the most difficult composition I had ever been exposed to. Other compositions included Paul Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*, Maurice Ravel's transcription of Modest Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*, Gustave Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* (The Song of the Earth), along with many other works by renowned composers. One of the most memorable of these experiences was being involved in the world premiere of Leroy Robertson's *Book of Mormon Oratorio*, a work that we first performed and recorded with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, as part of June General Conference for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

One of the other great experiences of that year was to become personally acquainted with maestro Maurice Abravanel. He was a genius conductor, but because of his eyesight he was not permitted to drive. On many nights following our rehearsals on the University of Utah campus, when his wife was unable to take him home, Norm Hunt and I would have the opportunity to drive him home, since it was right on our way. This was a choice opportunity for us because Abravanel would tell us of his many experiences prior to being invited to serve as music director/conductor of the Utah Symphony. Later that year, while on a tour to Southern Utah, we had the opportunity of taking him to dinner at the Stage Stop Inn, on the way up to Cedar Breaks. A few years later I invited maestro Abravanel to be our guest of honor at one of BYU's annual Utah County Band Days, then a regular part of the BYU football season. The night before my leaving to begin graduate studies at UCLA, I had the opportunity of doing a concert with the Symphony. As I was leaving the Mormon Tabernacle, Abravanel stopped me to wish me farewell and good luck; he then asked me to give his regards to Lucas Fosse, the conductor of the UCLA Symphony, and tell him I was one of his boys.

In addition to the friends I made in the brass section, I became acquainted with several woodwind players, such as clarinetists Martin Zwick, Dow Young, and Loel Hepworth;

flutists Gene Foster, Ralph Gochnour, and Sam Pratt; bassoonist Doug Craig; and Louis Booth, oboe. They were all legendary players with the Symphony, and I used many of them years later as faculty members for the BYU Summer Music Clinic. While I only got to know a few of the string players, I was friends with cellists Evelyn Hilgendorf-Loveless and Marion Robertson, and Jim Loveless on bass.

Playing with the Symphony was a very rewarding but hectic experience. Both Norm Hunt and I were BYU band directors with numerous performance responsibilities, which meant we were essentially holding down two full-time jobs. Dr. Halliday wasn't too happy with our playing in the Symphony. Both of us had experienced minor wrecks to our cars, due to ice and snow conditions. This added to the fact that I was gradually working into a full-time faculty position, and had family responsibilities that I felt I was somewhat neglecting. Then to top it off, Norm Hunt had accepted a position as Director of Bands at Sacramento State College and would not be sharing the daily driving responsibilities to and from Salt Lake City. To my sincere regret, two weeks before the 1954-55 orchestra season was to begin, I decided I just could not go on and resigned my position with the Symphony, even though I had signed a contract.

Not wanting to make things overly difficult for the orchestra I recommended that my replacement be Gaylen Hatton, an excellent horn player whom I was instrumental in introducing to the French horn. Gaylen, with experience in playing with the Seventh Army Symphony in Germany, was readily accepted and enjoyed several productive years as a valuable member of the Utah Symphony. Interestingly enough, this was not the last time that Gaylen and I had been involved in a professional relationship. A few years later, when Norm Hunt became department chair at Sacramento State, I was offered a position as French horn instructor along with working with their bands. Not wanting to leave BYU, I turned the offer down and recommended Gaylen for the position which he was offered and accepted. Then in 1970, when I left BYU to take the position as Director of Instrumental Music at Church College of Hawaii, later to become BYU-Hawaii, Gaylen was offered and accepted part of my responsibilities on the Provo campus. He was not only a fine horn player but an exceptional composer as well and went on to a successful career in both these responsibilities.

I first became acquainted with Gaylen Hatton while he was an undergraduate student at BYU and played trumpet as his major instrument. Sometime during his undergraduate years Gaylen had experienced some dental work that had a major effect on his trumpet playing. All of us, students and faculty alike, recognized his exceptional musical potential, both as a composer and instrumentalist, and it was disturbing to all of us, most of all Gaylen, to hear him struggling with the trumpet to regain lost ground due to his dental surgery. One afternoon I heard him practicing in the room across from my office. As I listened to him struggling with the upper register, an idea flashed through my mind that I should give him sort of a pretest on French horn. Realizing that Gaylen hadn't lost any of his technical facility and recognizing that the French horn takes tremendous sensitivity and precision, but not the physical strength of the trumpet, I invited Gaylen

into the office and suggested we do a sort of experimental trial on the horn. First I played and then had him play some simple musical excerpts in the middle and upper middle register, all the time not showing him on the printed page what he was doing. We then did some playing in the lower register, gradually working into the upper register till we reached a written high C, all of which Gaylen played effortlessly. Then I went to the blackboard and wrote what he had played. When I wrote the high C, you should have seen the look on his face. It seemed that from that moment on he hardly put the instrument down until he became skilled enough to play with the Seventh Army Symphony in Europe and eventually the Utah Symphony.

During the fall of 1952 I completed my master's thesis titled *History Technique and Literature of the Trumpet*, through the help of Nyla Olsen, a skilled typist with a wonderful command of the correct writing of English. My oral exam for the degree was rather interesting. Sitting at the table were Norm Hunt, my major professor; Homer Wakefield; Lawrence Sardoni; Crawford Gates; and John R. Halliday. The oral exam took about twenty minutes, then I was asked to step outside while the examination committee deliberated. After waiting for at least an hour for the final results I was finally invited back into the examination room, where the committee was sitting around the table with bowed heads and forlorn expressions, then Norm Hunt slowly raised his head and said, "Well, you passed." Then everyone broke into a hearty laugh as I said, "What took you so long? I was beginning to think I had done rather poorly." Norm immediately replied, "We passed you in the first ten minutes; we spent the rest of the time planning our annual fall deer hunt to Southern Utah."

The fall of 1954 I was still directing the BYU Air force ROTC Band, which up to that time was recognized as the largest AFROTC Band in the country. On Thanksgiving day we had the opportunity of performing on a nationally-televised football game between BYU and the University of Utah. This game, to be held in the Rice Stadium in Salt Lake City, would be played to a television audience of several million, and at that time bands and their halftime shows played a prominent part in such national telecasts.

The University of Utah had its usual outstanding marching band, under the direction of Ronald Gregory. They were resplendent in their red and white uniforms and had the reputation of marching at a tempo of 180 beats per minute. For several years we at BYU had been given a lesson in showmanship by this fine band and this year would be no exception. While the AFROTC had a fine band, we were no match for their flashy uniforms and fast tempos, partly because we felt it necessary to maintain the dignity of the Air Force blue, and march at the traditional military tempo of 120 beats per minute.

Though I wasn't a member of the Air Force, I was permitted to wear an Air Force uniform with the trimmings of a cadet colonel. Art Anderson, my all-time best friend dating back to my high school days, was a regular Air Force captain stationed with the AFROTC program at BYU and serving as the public address announcer for all our football halftime shows. Because of this he was able to sit in the press box, get to know

such national television notables as Lindsay Nelson, and share with them the luscious buffet that is customary in the broadcast booth for all national television games; all I rated as band director was a hot dog and a soft drink, an incident that Art and I still like to joke about.

As usual, the University of Utah was highly favored, playing a much smaller, but enthusiastic, BYU team. This was among the most exciting of all BYU-U of U football games, and it ended with the U winning by only one point. The end of the game saw BYU driving for a final score with but a few seconds on the clock and time left only for an attempted field goal. Fortunately for the U, they called a time-out in a successful attempt to make an otherwise excellent BYU kicker nervous, thus causing one of his few field-goal misses of the entire season. Nevertheless, the game was great and even ranked among the most outstanding collegiate games for that season's television venue.

For some time we in the music department felt we were not making a representative showing of the real talent and power we had in our student body, since the only persons that could perform with a marching band were the men enrolled in the ROTC program. The University Symphonic Band, under the direction of Ralph Laycock, was outstanding. I had fine players in the Varsity Band, and there were additional students, both men and women, who, while not performing with a regular University band, had the desire to be in a bonified football marching band.

Within days of this great game, the university administration recognized the need for BYU to have a football marching band with representation from the entire student body. I was asked to report to the office of Executive Vice President Harvey Taylor, with an outline of what would be needed to adequately equip such a band. As the result of this meeting I was presented with a budget in excess of \$10,000.00 to purchase new uniforms, along with sufficient money to buy necessary sousaphones, percussion, and other essential equipment.

I was very excited, as I believe the students were, but at the same time felt a deep sense of responsibility. There was the University of Utah Band, the Utah State University Band, and other visiting bands to contend with. For the past few football seasons, while serving as director of the AFROTC band, I had often paced the floor and had sleepless nights preceding the University of Utah game. At the same time I felt that I had somewhat of an excuse owing to my lack of experience with marching bands, and the fact that as good as the ROTC band might be, it wasn't really a complete representation of the entire student body. Now I was about to enter the real business of football marching bands in a big-time way. I felt that every eye and ear of those in the stadium would be upon me, and the first game of the 1955 season was scheduled against the University of Utah and it's marvelous 180-steps-per-minute flashy red-and-white uniformed band.

MY HEART IS TRUE Chapter VIII

Opportunities of a Lifetime 8-1

During the 1953-54 academic year, not only was I given the opportunity of developing and building the new BYU football marching band, with new uniforms and equipment, but at the same time received an invitation from Dr. Cleon Skousen, the author and director of the BYU Program and Speakers Bureau, to come to his office and meet with him regarding an important matter. As I sat in his office, Dr. Skousen introduced himself, then asked the question. "I understand you had a fine dance band here, while serving as a student?" I answered in the affirmative. Then he went on to say, "We have a problem here at the university. It seems that for many of our student body dances we have to hire off-campus dance bands with members who do not always adhere to the Word of Wisdom and other university standards. What we would like is for all our dances to have a sort of junior prom atmosphere, that would begin with the music quality of the band hired. We would like you to create a college dance band to serve as a show band for the new Program Bureau—a big band. We would like to call it the Y's Men Band. It would perform orchestral accompaniment to many of our shows." Naturally I was excited about such an opportunity, for there was nothing I liked better than directing and playing in a band that played the exciting music of the swing era. At the same time I commented that I was currently so busy organizing and developing the new BYU marching band that I would need some help. I suggested that Gus Shields, who was teaching band in the Nebo School District, be brought back in some academic capacity and assist me with this new venture. As it happened there was an opening for a band director at the Brigham Young High School, and Cleon was able to get Gus the job. Gus later went on to become a distinguished professor in the university Religion Department.

Gus and I didn't have much music for the original Y's Men Band, relying on stock band arrangements from the student bands that both of us had. We did have some interesting personnel in that first Y's Men Band, among those being Stan Taylor, who went on to become a professor of political science and later a dean; Neal Lambert, who became a professor of English and eventually a vice president under Ernest Wilkinson; Cherry Beauregard, who later became a tuba instructor at the noted Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York; Stan Jenkins, a fine trumpeter who served with me in the AFROTC band, accepted a commission in the Air Force and received his wings, but was unfortunately killed in a bomber crash over the Atlantic. Then we had Stan Stoneking, an outstanding drummer from Galesburg, Illinois; along with Kay Bishop, who helped me as a student assistant with the AFROTC band. Other members included Jerry Hyde, who became an administrative assistant to President Wilkinson; Dwayne Davis; John Herbst; Ernest Partridge; Doug Gottfredsen, who played many years with the Utah Symphony; lead alto saxophonist Stan Jones; Keith Hardy; trombonists Farrell Huff, Paul Mortenson, and Bob Johnson.

Our first year with the Ys Men Band was quite successful. In the spring of 1994, we received a coveted Brigham Young University Public Service Citation award in recognition for outstanding services rendered to the University, from President Wilkinson, Cleon Skousen, and Janie Thompson.

At one time during those early years, Ray Beckham recognized that, following many of the evening athletic events, students were looking for something to do with no place to go. So we decided to sponsor our own dances, utilizing the Y's Men Band. We were fortunate to rent the National Guard Armory, which was close to campus, and were very successful, splitting the proceeds with members of the band. This was fun while it lasted, but both Ray and I found that such an endeavor took so much careful planning that it began to seriously interfere with the busy requirements associated with our university activities.

All this time I was busy deciding what our new band uniforms would look like. I knew that I wanted them to be BYU blue and white. At that time, marching bands from the Big Ten Conference, such as the University of Michigan, Michigan State, and Ohio State, were recognized as the finest in the country and represented a model to emulate. So in the tradition of these bands I decided the jacket should be BYU blue and the pants white. Then we would wear a white military hat with a blue and white plume. On the jacket would be a white shoulder braid, along with a white cross belt and a gold medallion. We would round out the uniform with a white shirt, dark tie, white shoes and spats.

I selected the Ostwald Uniform Company to design and make this new uniform. It was perhaps the largest band uniform company in the United States. The finished product was exactly what I had in mind, and while the University Marching Band has had other uniforms, this uniform had to look the sharpest on the field. The only drawback was that after three or four years, accessories, such as the cross belts, shoulder braid, medallion and spats, became lost or misplaced; we constantly had to purchase replacements.

When asked what to call or name this new band, the answer was easy. It would simply be titled the Cougar Marching Band. For several years, as we made our initial entrance onto the field, the public address announcer would introduce us by saying: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Brigham Young University proudly introduces its Incomparable Cougar Marching Band." During the cold weather in November, band members would jokingly refer to the band as the *Uncomfortable* Cougar Marching Band. I always like using the word *incomparable* because I was continually proud of the work the Cougar Band did. President Wilkinson didn't, however, like the word as much, stating that we were bragging and drawing too much attention to ourselves. So after a few years I changed the introductory remark to simply, "The Brigham Young University proudly presents its Cougar Marching Band."

It seemed as though, in my career, every time I was asked or called upon to develop and build a new organization, just the right personnel would almost miraculously appear, and

the Cougar Band and the Y's Men Band were no exception. At that time I did little if any recruiting. Nevertheless, I was acquainted with a precision majorette team that would be entering the university as incoming freshmen. This team, known as the Debonettes, had majorette twirlers Rosemary Anders, Loni Hacking, Gwenn Abegg, Janice Nelson, Patsy Hansen, Linda Lee Austin, Carolyn Barlow, and Karen Smith, all recent graduates of the BY High School.

With the Debonettes I knew I would have an outstanding majorette corps to front the band, but had no idea that enrolling at BYU would be Val Crossley, the U.S. National Junior Champion baton twirler. Val hailed from Hollywood, and was perhaps the finest baton twirler in the country. She had, along with movie star Debbie Reynolds, the distinction of being an honorary Colonel in the American Legion. With due respect to all the excellent baton twirlers that the Cougar Band would have in subsequent years, Val had to be the finest. To think I had her for my first year—I could hardly believe it. When you would see Val perform it was something akin to watching a prima ballerina

Then we needed a quality drum major and, as would happen, Grant Elkington, a graduate of Tooele High School in Utah with a flair for the dramatic along with an unusual knowledge of marching fundamentals, registered as a freshman student. Grant, who later became my associate with the Cougar Marching Band, along with Val Crossley and the Debonettes, completed as fine a front line as any band director could expect.

Our first show, scheduled at our home stadium, was as usual against the University of Utah Band and their fine red-and-white uniformed band. I chose to feature an adaptation of Stan Kenton's famous "Peanut Vendor," a number I had seen done by the well-known Michigan State University Band. The Stan Kenton band will long be remembered as one of the finest big bands that ever existed—a band that I was privileged to see and hear at its original audition at the Rendezvous Ballroom in Balboa Beach, California.

I asked Professor Ralph Laycock, director of the BYU Symphonic Band, to write an arrangement of the "Peanut Vendor" for us. Ralph, an all-around musician, be it individual performing, conducting, composing, or arranging, did an outstanding job and from that moment became out chief arranger.

As usual, I had sleepless nights, pacing the floor weeks before our initial performance. But this year I had a real reason because I had made many commitments regarding our potential, and felt that every eye in the stadium would be upon us, measuring us.

The band along with Grant, Val, and the Debonettes looked and sounded great, but the show itself, I felt, was anything but exceptional. But we must have cast a shadow of things to come because on Monday morning, Dan Valentine in his daily *Salt Lake Tribune* column awarded the band his "Today's Valentine." Inasmuch as Dan Valentine's column was widely read in Utah, I'm certain it helped our image, gave us greater confidence, and did much to pave the way for our receiving greater recognition.

On homecoming we gave our version of an old-time minstrel show, with much of the traditional music that accompanied such a performance endeavor. Val Crossely and Grant Elkington were at their best, and the Debonettes did a southern belle routine with colorful parasols. Two weeks later we repeated the show at Utah State University's homecoming—a performance that we thought would be the last of the year.

As we were riding home, several of my students came to my seat in the front of the bus, asking if there was any way we could go to the University of Denver game in Colorado the following week. I told them I thought it was a great idea but there was no money in the budget, that the band was authorized to take only one in-state trip a year, to the University of Utah or Utah State University. The students, not to be discouraged, suggested that I could at least ask, and I answered, "Why not! Monday morning I'll talk to Paul Felt, the student coordinator, and ask what could be done."

Over the weekend, as I thought about such a possibility, I became excited remembering I had \$800.00 left in my budget and would simply ask Paul Felt for an additional appropriation to finance such a trip. On Monday morning I was at Paul's office before 8 a.m. and when I suggested the idea for the trip, offering the \$800.00 we had left, he said that it shouldn't be any problem; all I had to do was arrange transportation and secure permission from the University of Denver for seating and the opportunity to perform. It was that easy.

Getting permission from the University of Denver didn't create a problem, since it was generally common courtesy for visiting bands to gain admission to games hosted elsewhere. As for transportation, I knew that the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railway had the Prospector, a passenger train that left Provo every evening at about 7:00 p.m. for an overnight trip to Denver. That same day I was at the D&RGW Railway office in southwest Provo where I met the manager, Dan Heiner, and he, seeing the opportunity for future business, provided the band a wonderful deal, even adding an extra car for our exclusive use.

When I reported to the band that we would be traveling to Denver, all of us were excited, thinking we had arrived in the "big-time." There was no money in the increased allotment for an overnight stay in Denver, which meant that we would board in Provo on Friday evening, ride all night on the train, have breakfast in the diner Saturday morning, sightsee for a couple hours in downtown Denver, take a bus to the game, perform, get back to the train for a wonderful Salisbury steak dinner that evening, then ride all night, arriving in Provo early Sunday morning. Even though we knew we would be getting little, if any, sleep, all of us were absolutely elated. This became the beginning of annual out-of-state trips that eventually saw the Cougar Band performing for major bowl games throughout the nation. As I look back, due to my inexperience in band travel, this most memorable of trips had to be the most revered I ever took with the Cougar Band.